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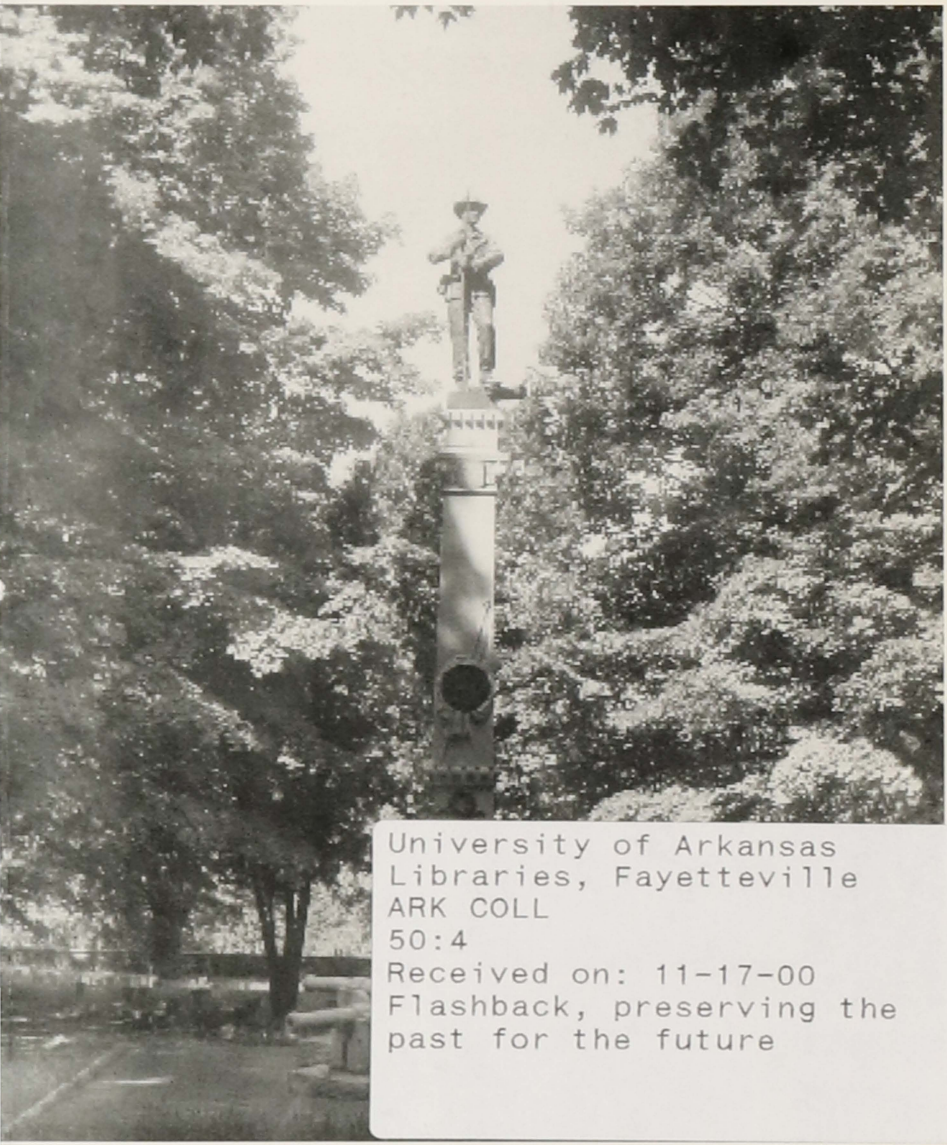
ASHBACK

·ving the Past for the Future

50 November 2000 Number 4



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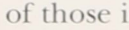
WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Washington County Historical Society

118 East Dickson Street, Fayetteville, AR 72701

Flashback is published quarterly in February, May, August and November. Send all material for publication to the editor at 118 East Dickson Street, Fayetteville, AR 72701. There is no payment for articles published in *Flashback*. The Editor retains the right to edit all submitted articles prior to publication.

Membership is invited of those interested in the preservation of Washington County's history. Dues are $15/$25 annually. Donations, tax deductible according to current law, are gratefully received any time for special projects. Members are mailed *Flashback* every quarter. Past issues cost $5 each, current year's issues, $4 each.



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Cover photo: The monument in Fayetteville's Confederate Cemetery. (Photograph has been digitally retouched to remove surface damage in the lower right.) *Photo courtesy Washington County Historical Society/Shiloh Museum of Ozark History.* (See story on pages 2-9.)

FLASHBACK

Preserving the Past for the Future

Volume 50 **November 2000** **Number 4**

CONTENTS

Burials in the Confederate Cemetery 2

Fayetteville's First Christian Church Memorial Windows .. 10

Recollectons of Her Childhood
By Amy Vaughn Allen Hightower 16

Hard Days on the Old Andrew Cox Place 35

Captain Bracken Lewis - An Early Obituary 39

Three Old Timers 45

Index 46

FLASHBACK is published and mailed four times a year—the first week in February, May, August, and November. Articles for *Flashback* should be submitted 60 days before the publishing date of each issue. Acceptable articles will be published in the next available issue, provided there is space.

COPY to be printed in *Flashback* may be submitted in one of several ways: 1) furnished on computer disc, preferrably in WordPerfect or Microsoft Word for either Macintosh or a PC, 2) by e-mail to the editor at <dschaefe@uark.edu> or, 3) cleanly typed copy that can be optically scanned. Text copy, photos, and artwork are all assembled on a computer. We welcome letters or e-mail messages that tell us of planned articles or that inquire about the Society activities.

Burials in the Confederate Cemetery

Fayetteville, Arkansas

[The following few paragraphs appeared in *Flashback* March 1962, page 30.]

CONFEDERATE CEMETERY

Most of the 622 Burials in the Confederate Cemetery on Fayetteville's East Mountain are "unknown". The Southern Memorial Association records contain the names of 121 soldiers who are buried here. It is impossible to tell how many of these men fell at Pea Ridge, although such entries as the following suggest the battle at Elkhorn:

Isaac Martin, Price's Command
J. Wisten, Missouri State Guard
R. J. Vaughn, Frost's Regiment
19 soldiers, "Texas troops"

There is, of course, no question as to the identity of General W. Y. Slack, whose dust reposes in the Fayetteville Confederate Cemetery. Miss Rowena Gallaway's history of the Southern Memorial Association gives the following information:

"Epitaph on flat stone, in all probability composes, as to biography, by the widow of Chillicothe, Mo. She came down to Bentonville and was at the home of Dr. C. M. Robinson there for several days, helping with preparations for the removal of her husband's body from its temporary burial 'on Roller's Ridge'. Then she, her sister and her two sons (the youngest of whom was born six months before his father's death and never seen by the General) attended the re-burial May 27, 1880."

In Memory of
W. Y. SLACK - BRIG-GEN.
son of John & Polly Caldwell Slack of Boone Co., Mo,
Born Aug. 1, 1816 in Mason Co., Ky.

Graduate of Missouri State University
Captain in the Mexican War
Fell at the Battle of Pea Ridge Mar. 7, 1862
while leading his brigade of Missouri Confederate soldiers.
Died Mar. 21, 1862
Forever honored; forever mourned.

[The following appeared in Washington County Historical Bulletin Series (1956), "The Southern Memorial Association"]

ROSTER of SOLDIERS known TO be BURIED in the CONFEDERATE CEMETERY at FAYETTEVILLE

"Since the organization, by a few devoted ladies of Fayetteville of the Southern Memorial Association, they have succeeded in gathering up the remains of over six hundred Confederate soldiers and have had them deposited in the beautiful cemetery provided by their untiring zeal and energy." From an editorial, Confederate Dead", in the *Fayetteville Democrat*, Nov. 7, 1874. The above statement was followed by an appeal for aid in the erection to perpetuate the memory of those Confederates. "It is to be regretted that of so large a number of bodies recovered, it has been impossible to procure the names of more than the following" was the comment preceding the list of known soldiers interred to date in the cemetery. This roster follows.

Mrs. T. J. "Lizzie" Pollard, the first president of the Southern Memorial Association. ***Photo courtesy Washington County Historical Society/ Shiloh Museum of Ozark History.***

A Partial List of Confederate Soldiers
Buried in the Confederate Cemetery at Fayetteville, Ark.

MISSOURI TROOPS Order of Interment

Lieutenant Bliss, Engineers Corps 1
J. M. 16
N. A. Richardson 40
Rube Yates 37
Capt. Jack Cooper, Ch.9, M.V 51
Grundy Hawkins, Co.G, Thomson's Regt.,
Shelby's Brig 64
Thomas Pane 49
W. Allen 65
Lieut. Pane 61
McGee 67
Wilson 68
Wm. Butler 69
Albert Summers 70
Isaac Martin, Price's Command 71
N. O. Martin 72
J. Wisten, Mo. Guard 52
A. N. Hull 73
Sam Polk 74
J. W. Dunaway 75
P. H. Clark, Rosser's Regiment 76
James Robbet, Macon County 77
H. J. Thorp, State Guards 78
Delloss C. Pagues 104
William L. Barton, Platte County 105
____ Wilson 106
Joseph Snoddy, Howard County 107
Andrew Green Smith, Pleasant Hill 108
Bales Shumate 109
Jo Nowland, ...110
Jesse Brakefield 111
William Balance 112
Allen Barnett 113
John A. Clark 114
Charley Clark 115

William Barnett 116
Willis Northcut 117
Lieut. Burgett, Clark's Battery 123
James L. Owen 124
John H. Ball 125
W. A. Smith 126
J. W. Wells 127
Brucie Ball 128
Frank A. Taylor 129
Doc Cowning 130
R. Bibb 131
A. Conroy 132
Joseph Wells 133
William Well 134
H. O. Young 135
Silas C. Howard 136
Warren Moore 137
R. C. Beaulan 138
George B. Warner 139
Elijah Stenton 140
James Cash 141
Henry Luckett 142
Henry Luckett's grave is the fifth grave west of the cedar tree in last row of Missouri graves.
James Barnes 143
John Blackstone 144
Abijah James, Platte County 145
Major General W. Y. Slack 146
J. J. Stephens 79
Bridges 80
R. F. Porter, Campbell's Company 81
R. J. Vaughn, Frost's Regiment 82
T. H. Miller 83
William Jobe, California, Mo. 84
Captain D. Martin, Shelby's Brigade 85
Charles A. Parker, Henry County, Mo. 86

R. E. Lansford, Campbell's Company 87
B. F. Lansford, Campbell's Company 88

ARKANSAS TROOPS
Lieut. Pawley, Mack Rieff's Company 1
Pullman, Stand Watie's Regiment 17
Moulder, Fort Smith 18
Thomas Perkins., Washington County 25
Prewett. 26
William Harrison 27
Alex Campbell, Cane Hill 28
John Sharp, Cane Hill 29
Barnett, Clear Creek 30
Thomas Turner 51
Dock Lewis, Cave Creek 64
William Rude, Elm Springs 66
George Edwards, Tuck Smith's Company 85
Williams 86
Pope, Benton County 87
J. T. T. , Hempstead County 89
Humphrey Enyart 90
Lewis C. Snider, Hill's Regiment 91
Jeremiah Narrad, Hill's Regiment 99
J. F. Copeland, Sevier County 100
T. J. Reynolds 102
W. H. Walker, Washington County 103
Benjamin Butler, VanBuren County 105
James A. Patton 106
Jackson Greenwood, Lawrence County 107
Hiram Thornsberry, Brooks' Regiment 108
Lewis Robbins, Washington County 109
William White, Longview, Ashley Co 112
William Benjamin Ragsdale, Fayetteville 114
James Blake, Benton County 136
R. C. Hutchenson 137
Black 173

TEXAS TROOPS
T. H. D 1
T. Whitsett 67
E. M. Hobbs 68
G. F. Stevens, Moses' Cavalry 85
Crockett Adams 86
Barton 87
Thomas Burton 92
Gage 93
Hurd 94
B. Newman 95
Lieut. J. C. McCoy 105
John W. Gordon 106
Wadkins 107
Rich S. Dean, Starville 139
Collins, comrade of R. S. Dean 134
Alexander, Henderson County 147
McAroy 148
Capt. Henry 150
Isom 149

An early postcard showing the Confederate Cemetery in Fayetteville.
Photo courtesy Bob Besom/Shiloh Museum of Ozark History.

Soldiers buried in Confederate Cemetery whose names are not on the original roll of 1874

Missouri Section:
- Thomas A. Root
- Buel T. Root

Arkansas Section:
- Joel Flood Smith
- James Davis
- Albert Faulkner
- Drysdale Wilson
- Malcolm Wilson

Louisiana Section:
- Lee Blakemore
- Major L. Boone
- Charles Boozer
- W. D. Call
- Jacob Cook
- D. B. Haney
- John Matthews
- Wm. L. Rainwater
- Isaac Shafer
- Issac N. Stillwell
- A. G. Taff
- Whitson B. Taylor
- J. T. Wells
- Frank White

Known Interments in Louisiana Section

The following are gravestone inscriptions. Items in parentheses are not on the markers.

Lee Blakemore (Co.H, 7th Tenn. Cav.)
Jan. 25, 1818 - Aug. 27, 1902

Maj. L. Boone (lst Regt, Stirman's Sharpshooters)

Chas. Boozer
1836 - 1919

W. L. Call (Co. C, 34th Reg., Ark. Inf.)
Nov. 13, 1839 - June 10, 1915

Jacob Cook (Co. B, 38th Regt. Ala. Inf.)
Feb. 184_ - May 29, 1887

D. B. Haney, d. 1918

John Matthews
Born 1837 – Died Dec. 12, 1904
Company E, Gordon's Regiment, Cabell's Brigade

Wm. L. Rainwater
Co. A, 34th Ark. Inf.
b. 1841 - d. July 21, 1919

Mollie Lea
Wife of Wm. L. Rainwater and Member of S.M.A.
Jan. 5, 1859 - Nov. 27, 1941

Joanna M. Lea Preston
Sister of Mrs. Rainwater and member of S.M.A.
Feb. 20, 1861 - May 16, 1953

Isaac Shaffer
1835-1923
Co.G, 33d Tenn. Inf.

A. G. Taff
Died April 24, 1905. Age 77 years. Served with Wheeler's Cavalry, 5th Tenn. Regt. and with Bragg and Johnson to the Surrender

Whitson B. Taylor
Mar. 20, 1900
aged 85 years

J. T. Wells
born Sept. 29, 1836 - Died Feb. 11, 1906
43d Ala. Regt., Co.C

Frank White
Died July 12, 1900 ❖

NEW EDITOR - I have edited *Flashback* for the past five years and it is now time to let someone else do it. The next year's issues will be done by the new editor, Scott VanLaningham. Don Schaefer, *editor* ❖

Fayetteville's First Christian Church

Who Were the Three People Whose Names Appear on the Stained Glass Windows?

by Cheryl Sybrant

[The following article was researched and written by Cheryl Sybrant, church secretary for the First Christian Church in Fayetteville. It appeared in the Aug. 23, 2000 edition of the church's newsletter, *The Fayetteville Disciple.*]

In last week's newsletter it was promised that this week's "edition" would include information about the three people whose names appear on our stained glass windows. Who were Rebecca Davidson, the name Pollard, and R.H. Johnson? Not much information has been found yet about R.H. Johnson, so his "write up" will have to wait. However, the information that follows about Rebecca and the name Pollard was compiled from various sources in the genealogy section of the Fayetteville Library.

Rebecca (Stirman) Trott Davidson was born in 1843 and died on July 26, 1912, at Fayetteville City Hospital of appendicitis. Her life was one marked by both sorrow and triumph over fateful circumstances.

She was the daughter of Alfred A. Stirman and Pauline (Fry) Stirman who are listed in the 1840 census for Washington County along with their son, Erasmus Irving, who was born under a tree close to the Missouri border as the couple migrated here from Kentucky. Rebecca was orphaned when only one year old. Her father's sister, Mary "Lizzie" (Stirman) Pollard who was married to Dr. T. J. Pollard of Fayetteville helped to raise her. The Pollards were among the early settlers of Fayetteville and are listed in our own church records as among the seven charter members of First Christian Church, Fayetteville, in 1848.

Rebecca was raised and schooled to be a lady. She attended "Miss Sawyer's School" known as the Fayetteville Female Seminary, founded in 1839. *In One Hundred Years of Fayetteville*, comments about the attendance at the school read:

"Many beautiful young ladies from Missouri, the Indian country, and South Arkansas attended this school. These school girls, and the young men from Arkansas College, together with the young men of the town, and our own beautiful young ladies, made Fayetteville society second to none in the state; in fact, from 1851 to 1861, there were no towns in the South or West where could be found more prosperous business men, more gallant beaux, more charming and beautiful young ladies, better schools or more industrious citizens, happy and contented, than in our own loved Fayetteville."

How those carefree, social times must have changed for Rebecca with the coming of the Civil War. She was a teenager. After the Battle of Prairie Grove, many of the Federal wounded were brought to the Fayetteville Female Seminary for care. One can only imagine what bedlam and suffering Rebecca witnessed at this young age or how it influenced her life. Her own brother, Erasmus, joined the Confederate troops at age 19. He became one of the youngest colonels in the Confederacy by age 22 and wrote letters to his sister during his service. He later was elected mayor of Fayetteville (1868) and became district attorney. Another brother, William "Billy" Stirman, fought in the Mexican War.

On September 17, 1867, Rebecca wed her first husband James E. Trott. Just a few years later, he died in a freak accident on March 24, 1870. After the courthouse was burned during the Civil War, the county carried on its business in the upstairs of Trott's dry good and grocery store. Trott was shot during one of these meetings by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of

someone upstairs. The bullet sliced through the floor, striking Trott from above. Rebecca was left a widow with a small child, according to a newspaper report.

She must have found strength in helping others deal with the tragedy in their own lives. In 1872, she became one of the founders of the Southern Memorial Association which organized for the express purpose of securing and preparing a site for burial of the Confederate dead of Fayetteville, Prairie Grove, and Pea Ridge battles. In 1873 the Confederate Cemetery was dedicated.

In June 1876, Rebecca remarried at age 32 to Benjamin Rush Davidson, 29. He was an attorney for the Frisco Railroad and very involved in the First Christian Church where she was also a member. He attended Disciples conventions, was a deacon, elder, and served as chairman of the board and as Sunday school superintendent.

Rebecca was also a devoted and active member of our church. One of her projects was helping to form the University Infirmary Society in 1895 that nursed sick students back to health. Two ladies each week were appointed from six local churches to take charge of the Infirmary on campus. Listed among the ladies first purchases for the infirmary were "a pan and two stew kettles."

In July 1912, Rebecca died. Her obituary is a tribute to the high esteem the church and community held her in. Portions of it read:

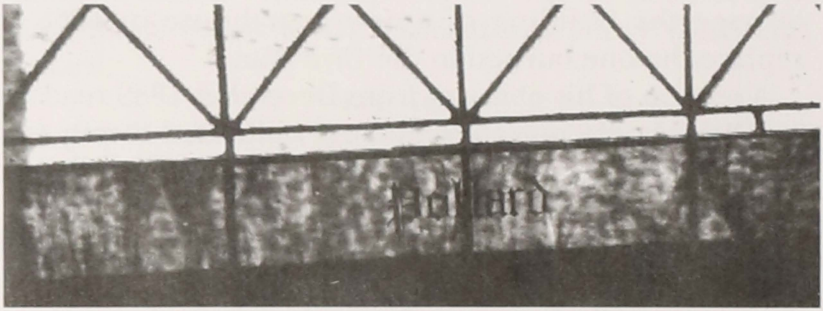
"It is not too much to say that the whole town shares the sorrow as well as the loss of this good and attractive woman. Sixty years she had lived in Fayetteville, and carried in her heart the history of the oldest families in the place, all of whom loved her dearly, and called her friend. Her life of singular devotion to her home, her religion and to all in need, is her best tribute. Like the Master who went about doing good, she was in the world as one who served. . . When only a child she was bereft

of both father and mother. Later she was taken into the home of the late Dr. T. J. Pollard. . . In the practice of the venerable doctor she was constantly reminded of suffering and sorrow, and like him too, was always anxious to help everybody. Both from experience and observation she learned that all this sad world needs is just the art of being kind. . . God made her so, and deeds of week day holiness fell from her gentle as the snow. . ."

The First Christian Church burned in December 1912. With Rebecca's death so fresh on the mind of her husband and church at the time of rebuilding in 1913, it seems fitting that as a tribute her name would be placed on a window. Perhaps her husband also purchased the window in her honor.

As mentioned earlier, Rebecca was raised at least in part in the home of Dr. T. J. Pollard (1805-1889) and his wife, Mary (Stirman) Pollard (1810-1886). They were married April 14, 1830, and moved from Missouri to Fayetteville in 1839, only three years after Arkansas became a state.

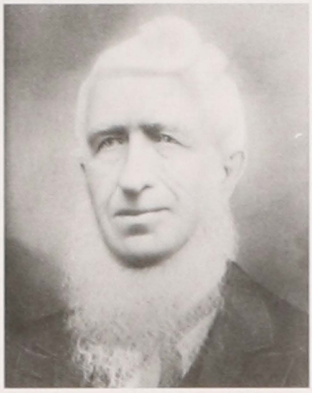
Together they helped to form the nucleus of the first membership of our church when Rev. Robert Graham rode into town and held a meeting that lead to the birth of First Christian in Fayetteville. They heard the very ser-



This is the Pollard window in the First Christian Church. Similar windows have "Davidson Rebecca" and "R. H. Johnson." ***Photo by Don Schaefer.***

mons and listened to the guiding words of our church's first pastor.

Dr. Pollard received his literary and medical education at Transylvania University in Lexington, Kentucky, graduating with the degree of M.D. in 1828, when he was 23. Many of the distinguished men of the South were educated here, among them was Jefferson Davis, the leader of the Confederacy.



Dr. T. J. Pollard was the first president of the Wash. Co. Medical Society. ***Photo courtesy Washington County Historical Society/Shiloh Museum of Ozark History.*** **(See page 3 for photo of Mrs. Pollard.)**

When he moved to Fayetteville, the "village" contained only a few families. By his death the city had grown to more than 4,000. Even as the town grew, there were no provisions for public care of the sick or wounded. Prior to a hospital being organized in 1905, pioneer doctors such as Pollard were in great demand at all hours of the day and night.

Dr. Pollard believed in education. He is listed as a charter member for the Far West Seminary incorporated in 1844 in Fayetteville. As a civic leader, he was commissioned to oversee the building of a new courthouse in 1868 to replace the one burned in the Civil War.

A section of his obituary from December 1889 reads:

"Our schools, our churches, our cultivated society and high standing as a community are to be attributed more to the influence of the life and labors of Dr. Pollard than to that of any other man, either living or dead. He was a most attractive man; in fact, he possessed in a high degree a magnetic power. It was the magnetism of love, of sympathy, of Christianity and of high moral character. Life had for him high aims and high issues; it meant

something more than to make money or simply to live, however elevated the plane."

It is written that Mary (Stirman) Pollard "has been pictured to posterity as a very remarkable person, a woman of strong convictions and high courage, an estimable Southern lady. This pioneer matriarch was a fitting helpmeet to that pioneer physician, Dr. Thomas Jefferson Pollard."

She herself was the daughter of William Stirman, a prominent minister of the Christian church. In 1830, she became a member of the Christian faith and is reported to have "always been a faithful and zealous Christian." After the Civil War, she was elected as the president of the Southern Memorial Association.

The *Encyclopedia of the New West* has the following reference to her:

"Mrs. Pollard is a good scholar, a woman of decision, never forms opinions without evidence and when her opinions are formed, she is not given to change, has good conversational powers... energy of character, is charitable to the poor; always open to the needy; notably so during the war..."

Because they were early pioneers who shaped both the community of Fayetteville and our church, the single last name—Pollard—that appears on one of the windows most likely refers to Dr. Pollard and Mary (Stirman) Pollard.

References

1. *One Hundred Years of Fayetteville*, 1828-1928, by William S. Campbell, 1928, 1977.

2. *Flashback*, Washington County Historical Society, Feb. 1953, Mar. 1954, Jan. 1957, Nov. 1957, Feb. 1986.

3. *Arkansas Disciples*, by McAllister.

4. Washington County Marriage Records.

5. *Fayetteville Daily Democrat* obituaries: Nov. 26 and Dec. 3. 1886, Mrs. T. J. Pollard; Dec. 27, 1889, Dr. T. J. Pollard; Jul. 22 and Jul. 29, 1912, Mrs. B. R. Davidson. ❖

RECOLLECTIONS OF HER CHILDHOOD

by Amy Vaughn Allen Hightower
(fondly known to many as Gram)

This collection of stories by "Gram" has been compiled for the benefit of her children, grandchildren, great grandchildren, and other descendants, many of whom will not have had the privilege of personally knowing her.

These "vignettes" were written by Gram, in her beautiful script, at the urging of various family members, over the last twenty years of her life. Because they were written over such a long period, and are unedited, there is occasional repetition, but each story stands on its own, and is the next best thing to a personal visit with Gram.

Amy Vaughn Allen was born in Prairie Grove, Arkansas, 24 Dec 1874. She was the first child of Charles A. Allen and Susan Mary Fields Allen. Details of her childhood and the family migration to Texas and Oklahoma are provided in her stories. It is amazing that so many facts and details remained fresh in her memory 60 to 80 years after they happened.

On 30 Mar 1897, Amy Vaughn Allen married Edward Glenn Hightower at Altus, Indian Territory, and they established residence at Pauls Valley, Indian Territory, later to become Oklahoma. The small frontier community, in the fertile valley of the Washita River, was named for its first settler, Smith Paul.

The Hightowers moved from Georgia to Texas. Edward Glenn Hightower, born 26 Nov 1866, in Rusk, Texas, was the son of James M. Hightower and Rebecca Jane Maddux, both born in Georgia. E. G., as he was called, was an early day merchant and farmer in Pauls Valley, and served two terms as mayor of the town.

Following the sudden death of her husband 9 Dec 1929, Gram established a rooming and boarding house

which she operated, with great determination, through the 1930s and 1940s at 403 N. Walnut St. in Pauls Valley. The strength of her character proved itself over and over again during those lean and strenuous years.

Six of Gram's nine children survived, and the list of her grandchildren, great grandchildren etc., continues to grow longer through the years. For details of the ancestry of the E. G. and Amy Vaughn Hightower offspring, please refer to Nancy Hightower, 2370 Lindstrom Ave., Fairhaven, CA 95564, telephone - (707) 442-9386. The family history was gathered from a variety of sources, thanks to the efforts of Waldo Talmadge Oden, Jr. of Altus, Oklahoma,

Gram died July 5, 1968, at peace with God and her fellow man, and is buried in the Hightower plot at Mt. Olivet Cemetery, Pauls Valley, Oklahoma.

This was compiled by Gram's oldest grandchild, John M. Hazlitt, Jr., South Bend, Indiana, in June, 1975.

A LETTER TO HER GRANDCHILDREN

written April 13, 1949

Tonight let me tell you about my second home. It must have been not more than a quarter of a mile from our first one, and was on a main highway that was called the "Wire Road" because the telegraph wires were beside it. Papa had the trees cleared off a new piece of land leaving only those needed for shade. Of these cut trees he built a log house with one large room below and one above—a wide hallway and another log room for a kitchen. Our barn was also of logs with a wide hallway between two rooms that had big lofts over head. On the other side of the yard was planted a nice orchard. Back of the house was a thick growth of trees.

Down the highway a short distance lived the Cass family, and to get there we stepped across a clear little stream

that was too shallow to cover the rocks in it. In summer Johnnie Cass and I played in this little brook and wandered through the woods as we pleased, I never thinking of being afraid of anything. On the other side of our home lived the Carney family and between us and them was a slightly larger brook. For some reason I was not free to visit them alone. So many childhood memories are of this home that it is hard to believe what a short time it really was home for us. Everything seemed to go just right—the new land produced plentifully, our barn was filled and stacks of feed all around it. Mamma's turkeys and chickens were a great success. We ate so many chickens while living there that it spoiled my taste for them.

The second summer the gypsy caravans were frequent sights. They stopped at our place to buy feed and foodstuff, but went on to the larger brook to make camp. And we were more comfortable that they did. Also that summer many ragged men were on foot along the road. And what with gypsies and tramps so plentiful we had less free range for roaming for we were as afraid of them as some children are of snakes and bears.

One November at this home when it came time to kill hogs Papa took his old musket to shoot them. This old gun was nearly as long as to a man's shoulders, and had a ramrod fastened to the side of the barrel to use in loading. Papa had a bullet mold and he melted lead in an iron spoon and molded his own bullets. He kept his powder in a powder-horn made of a cow's horn polished and closed at the big end. The little end had a cork in it and the powder came out slowly. After a certain amount had been poured into the gun barrel Papa put a little wad of paper and pounded it down with the ramrod. Then he put in the bullet and tamped it in with a wad of tissue paper to hold it. The week before our hog killing time a neighbor had borrowed the gun to kill his hogs

and brought it home already loaded.

Papa didn't unload it but used it as it was. It must have been loaded too heavily for when it was fired it exploded and the powder blew right into Papa's face and eyes, and a piece of metal went through his hat. Mama screamed to me to run tell Grandmother and that was a fast run. How we ever got a doctor isn't clear, but it is a distinct memory that we had only Grandmother with us at Christmas and for a long time afterward. The doctor lived fourteen miles from our home and it was a greater journey then than 100 miles is for us these days. So Mama and Papa went to the doctor and stayed till he had done all he could. But poor Papa lost the sight of his right eye. His face had to have specks of powder picked out of it for a long time. After they came home I started in on an eighteen month's siege of chills and fever.

One day I'd have a hard shaking chill and very high fever. Usually it came on in midmorning, ran its course and was gone by next morning. That would be normal then the next day chill and fever. In all that time there were two intervals of three weeks each without a chill. So you see that left little time or energy to run and play. The remedy for this ailment was quinine and more quinine. Too much quinine finally affects the hearing, they say. And think of this!—we had no capsules. It was given in black sweetened coffee till it couldn't be swallowed that way, then someone said you can take it better in clabber. Clabber—think of that! By and by some angel person came along and said let's try giving it in a twist of tissue paper. That had to be gulped fast before the paper melted but the taste was hidden that way. All this must have left me a forlorn sight for I remember looking in the glass and trying to draw my eyes up to look smaller.

Somewhere along before the chills was another very happy summer. One day a lady came to see my mother and a word now and then came to my ears—"school"—

and one dollar a month. That was great! Here was a lady who would give me a dollar if I'd come to her school. Oh, that was a heavenly summer! There were probably a dozen children various ages. The playing we got done was the important part. We must have had all of two hours at noon and never again have I had so much attention lavished on me as those older girls gave me that simmer. The walk to school and home again with boys and girls was delightful. The older Cass girls were guardians for Johnnie and me.

Another event of those years was the time the Cass family took me with them in their covered wagon to Fayetteville, ten miles away, to a picnic—my first one. Mamma couldn't go. Ellie wanted to go but she was too little. The reason for the picnic was the entrance into town of the first passenger train, and I had a good look at it. That was not my first sight of a train for I had had a train ride from Ft. Smith, Arkansas to Sherman, Texas.

I had some money to buy candy but I didn't eat all I bought but saved some for Ellie. On the long, hot drive home I went to sleep with that candy tight in my hand. When we were nearly home I waked and found the pieces had melted and all run into one lump, but Ellie was pleased and I was proud just the same.

Ellie and I slept together in a little trundle bed that was pushed under Mamma's bed in the day time and pulled out at night. Ellie looked very much like Barbara does today only her hair was more curly. Mamma's hair didn't curl at all so Ellie's curls were her pride and joy. But none of us ever had such beautiful curly hair as Papa did. Mine was kept cropped like a boy's—and no wonder, for while at this home a fourth daughter, Kate, was born.

In thinking back to those days it seems we must have been pioneers there, for we lived much like they did. Most of the furniture in this new home was homemade of walnut and hickory, till we acquired the new cradle for

Kate and Mamma's pride, a Domestic sewing machine. The machine was a part of our family as long as she lived.

GRANDMOTHER'S OZARK HOME

Have I ever tried to describe to you the first home I ever had? My dear Grandmother's home in the Ozark Mountains of Arkansas? To my childish view it was very lovely—a two-story white house with a full length gallery downstairs and also upstairs, with large white columns to add to its dignity. All I know of its age is that it was there through the Civil War, for I was shown blood stains at the head of the stairs that no amount of scrubbing could erase and was told that a soldier had been killed at that spot during the War. They must have felt I was too young to hear the whole story, but this much filled me with awe when passing that spot on the way to the room where Grandma and Auntie had chests and trunks full of so much that was fascinating.

Among the treasures the one most charming to me was a dainty green silk parasol—all ruffly and fluffy, that they said would be mine when I was a little older. There was no place for me to use it except in the yard and the yard was all shady.

We had a large yard and a long walk out to the front gate. At each end of the house was a chimney with two fire places each—above and below. At one side of the yard was a group of pear trees and the smokehouse, at the other was the garden and by the garden gate a wonderful cherry tree that was easy to climb. At the back, a few steps from the kitchen, was a good sized log house that had been the cook's house before the war. It was now used as a wash house and general utility. It was there the candle molds were kept and at certain times candles were made for all the rooms. We had no oil lamps., and no matches. A cornucopia beside the fire-

place held paper candle-lighters which were lit at the fireplace and in turn lit the candles.

Back of this log house the level yard ended and the slope led down through the orchard, past the spring across the clover meadow on to the Illinois creek—the clear and never failing stream it was. All the water used at the house was carried in buckets up the rocky path from the spring. There must have been many trips along that path for all our milk and butter was kept in the Springhouse where a stream from the spring flowed through a little channel paved, side and bottom, with smooth flat stones. In summer time the churning was done down there and when Papa and Millard, the hired man, came for a fresh drink of water they could have fresh cold buttermilk too.

Apples, pears, peaches and cherries we had in abundance, and in the basement apples were stored for winter and the ones Grandma roasted for me at the fireplace were the finest ever. To this day I can't see an apple tree in full bloom that I'm not instantly a child again under low, blooming branches.

Grandma loved flowers, and her roses and chrysanthemums are as clear in my mind still, as any we had last year. She had tansy in the garden and hore-hound somewhere, for when it was cold she always made hore-hound candy for my benefit.

It wouldn't be fair to the old place to not mention the barn and the woods lot, and the road out front that led down a gentle slope to the main highway not far away. That was the road we traveled on the rare trips to Fayetteville 10 miles away. Now a trip to town was really something in those days and can't be related in a few words.

Grandma's spinning wheel was too often used to be kept in the storehouse. Through the warm days she would spin thread, both wool and cotton. The yarn was

kept in hanks till dyed and ready for use but the cotton thread could be wound into balls. Althrough the cold weather the knitting needles were busy, mostly Grandma's, for all our hoods, mittens, scarfs and nubias must be knitted besides all our socks and stockings. It was long after my 4th birthday when I first saw any but home-knit stockings. For summer Grandma knit mine of white thread in a lace stitch and they were too precious to be worn too often.

FROM ARKANSAS TO TEXAS TO INDIAN TERRITORY

written July 23, 1967, at age 93

Only today, I became aware that it may be dishonest in God's sight to fail to own up to the meagerness of my young days for fear it shame my descendants. But since it was the best we could do and the Lord never forsook us, it must have been good for us. I'm so glad I can truthfully say that from my earliest days till they passed away, my parents made me know that the Lord was their keeper. In all poverty and misfortunes they still, earnestly gave thanks for our blessings. Having parents like that, how can I be honest in wanting to hide our poverty. There again is a plain example of how careless and thoughtless words can harm for a lifetime. Who made me aware of poverty?

In another story I have tried to describe my Grandmother's home, which was mine for more than three years. It left beautiful pictures in my mind, though I now know it was not so fine, except by comparison to those around it. It was a home of refinement and graciousness, such as all children need. And I have related elsewhere my first visit to Texas, but I forgot to mention my amazement at seeing in the hotels, that first night in Texas, lights fastened on the wall that you didn't blow out as you did candles and thinking candles gave a better light.

I have also related the one incident I remember of our

trip back in wagons. But why do I fail to recall getting back to Grandma, do you suppose?

My parents must have had plans made for a home of their own, for soon we had one. It was a short distance away on the Wire Road, the main thoroughfare, and followed the course of the telegraph line. Fayetteville, Washington County, Arkansas, had no railroad and this telegraph line was highly estimated. The highway beside it was important, though no one today would call it passable. It was so rough and rocky that riding over it 10 miles to Fayetteville, the County Seat, in a wagon was an event. As I recall it, I had that trip once a year. Some of our best friends lived there.

This home on the Wire Road is dear to my memory. Our house, barn and chicken house were made of logs cut there on the farm. The front room was rather large with a room above it, a wide hall back of it leading to the kitchen with a stove in it. We used it in summer. In winter we cooked on the fireplace in the front room and ate in there, too. In one corner of the room was a big bed for Papa and Mama. Under it was the trundle-bed for Ellie and me. In another corner was the wardrobe. Another corner, near the fireplace, was a small table with the brass candlestick and candle on it. Also, the Bible and *The Youths Companion*, a paper that Uncle Att sent to me—and we all loved it. The other corner must have been where we ate. It all seemed so snug and safe and secure and with love I remember it. The barn seemed huge to me—two large rooms and a huge hall between. It was in this hallway that I learned a lesson (I hope). It was there that Papa milked the cows. Mama never learned to milk a cow, so I thought I could learn, and after much coaxing Papa let me try. A few streams of milk and the cow kicked me so hard against the log wall that I couldn't remember how I got into the house.

We had a flock of sheep and they were sheared in one

room of the barn after they had been well washed in a little stream just back of the orchard. The grassy yard and the flowers, the young orchard, the vegetables grew famously on this new ground that had never been cultivated before.

Mama raised more chickens and turkeys than we could use and there was no market for them. And we seldom went to market. Our grocery buying was very limited. We had to buy salt, a little sugar, and green coffee. And that coffee was a chore—first it must be roasted in the oven to just a certain shade of brown, if too dark the coffee would be black, if not brown enough the coffee would be bitter. So Mama watched it closely. But not so often was it done, for a roasting lasted well, as only one cup apiece was used. We had a coffee mill, of course, where the grains were ground. Our mill was fastened to the wall, but later some mills were seen that you could hold in your lap to grind the coffee.

By and by another baby sister was added to our family, Kate. Mary Kate she was, and by the time she came we had a new piece of furniture. A fine cradle. The one we had been using was a low, box-like, homemade one with homemade rockers on it. This one was high and fancy and to rock it was fun. One picture in my mind of that cradle is of Mama spinning some of the wool into thread so Grandma could have it to knit our winter stockings, gloves, hoods, and mufflers that we called nubias and Mrs. Cass could have plenty to weave a blanket and the cloth linsey to make our everyday dresses and Papa's work shirts. Mama would touch a bit of wool to the spindle, give the wheel a whirl, step back and draw it into a thread, coarse at first, then step lightly back to begin again and make it finer, and always when she came forward she would touch the cradle rocker with her toe and kept it going till the baby was asleep. I have never seen a prettier picture than Mama made at that spinning wheel

—rocking the cradle.

One glorious thing about being the oldest child is being able to remember one's parents when they were young and full of fun. I have related, someplace, of another time, when, even younger, I saw my mother was beautiful. My heart aches now every time I think of how she gave so fully and freely for me, and yet I can recall no time when I told her I loved her, or even thanked her. My father, too, gave to me freely with no return from me. I do hope and pray that all Grandchildren may escape having this regret.

Ours was a peaceful household, but had too little to say of our love for each other. All expressions of love were showered on the baby in the family. Sometimes I believe it must have been a holy fear that we might love each other too much and so fail to give the Lord the best we had. Often I wonder at the vivid memories of life in this little log home, for I was only six years old, or somewhere near that—and less than 8, when we left it again for Texas.

One great tragedy happened to us there and that was what happened to Papa causing him to lose his eye. I have told you of that some time ago, but I still remember how fast I ran to Grandma's home to bring her to us. And how after Papa came home from the Doctor (not the hospital, for there wasn't any), how we all helped to pick out the blue specks of gun powder imbedded in the skin of his face. But it was not till many, many years later that I could see what a brave and noble man my father was to take up his duties and carry the burden of providing for a large family when so handicapped. He was less than 35 years old when he lost his eye—but when he died at almost 80 he could still read. Reading had been great pleasure all the years of having only one eye.

Another recollection is of lying on the grass under the trees and watching the birds flying overhead and wishing

I could fly. Who could have dreamed then that some day I'd sail through the air, too! But I have not though, not freely and independently as I longed to do—but I yet will—no doubt.

Let me not forget to give glory to God for all these wonderful blessings.

Now I told you of why this home had to be forsaken, because of me, but one thing I may not have said was that the matter of school had a part in it, too. One month of subscription school while I was in the Primer was all, no indication of more.

While we lived on the Wire Road we met a variety of people—ragged, dirty men who came by asking for food. We called them tramps and we were afraid of them, but pitied them, too. Then there were the Gypsies who came in caravans and were thieves and traders. They always managed to favor themselves in a trade. Wonder if that is how we came by the word "Gypped." Then there were the honest travelers in covered wagons, who liked to camp near our house for the night. Not many dared to make a wagon journey alone in those days. To these travelers Mama sold our surplus foods, and felt so happy to be able to earn something. It was by this means she was able to buy a sewing machine—"Domestic" was its name and it was a really good one and lasted so well with never any repairs. She also bought that fancy cradle. Altogether, we were thriving for Papa had four farms—one he worked himself—the other rented and two of the renters were named Cass and Cohea—the other I've forgotten.

In the summer of 1880 Papa disposed of everything—filled up a wagon for us and joined a caravan of travelers bound for Texas. We dared not travel alone across Indian Territory—not because of the Indians, but because of renegade whites who lived among them.

Dear Grandma went with us and I know it must have

been trying on her. We even took our old dog, Lead. When we came to the rivers there were no bridges so if it was not fordable, we crossed on ferry-boats. At the first deep river there were many wagons waiting to be ferried and when it came our time we couldn't find Lead. Papa took a horse and rode around hunting him, but never found him. So we had to go on without. Grandma and I both cried because we had to go on without our dog.

At night we all slept out in the open unless it was rainy—then we'd find a house to take us in. We were two weeks making that trip and you know you can easily drive it in one day now.

A number of incidents of that trip come to mind, but the only ones you probably would consider was seeing Blue River (and it was Blue), and Tishomingo, which was an important little city at that time. When we reached Red River we found a large, large, ferry boat on it—one that could take several wagons at a time. Across, and we were in Texas!! A magic name!! Mama's (Susan Mary Fields) native state. She was born in Ellis County near Waxahachie. The wide grassy prairie, not yet touched by barbed wire, must have been a glorious sight to one who had spent years in a hilly, rocky land. And the thought of cattle on these wide acres instead of working with the soil must have been a delightful dream. However that was, Papa first bought a farm for us to live on, then bought cattle.

I do not know how many, but it seemed a lot to me, but we had to depend on someone else to care for them. It was a way the cowmen in Wise County had at that time to drive the cattle west. In winter to where grass was better, then drive them back home in the spring. When they came home in spring it was Papa's herd that had suffered all the losses, so the herders said. But serious matters like that failed to trouble me then, for Papa had bought me a white pony and I had Grandma's side sad-

dle. The range was open and I was free to ride. It was only a few days before Christmas when we settled in on this odd little farm. I told so much about it before this, let's skip it. I marvel at the memories that remain of that home, for we didn't live there long. My parents soon discovered that no school was to be established near. Ellie was too young for school but there I was nine years old, and had had only two months of school besides what Grandma had taught me. So my parents soon found a place in a community where there was a school house and church services—and best of all—they found the teacher was an old friend from Fayetteville, Arkansas. So we were soon settled in a new home on Sweetwater Creek. And it was there that I first tasted work and poverty. As you can easily see, my home had never known luxury—neither had we known work. So it was probably the work that opened my eyes and made me feel so poor for I notice times since then when I was overwhelmed.

It is a hard blow to be taken from household chores and baby tending and be given the duties of a farm boy; but that is what came to me. Some of these outside chores I loved, but they were too heavy for me—such as all the milking of range cows, as I have told you about. Then dropping corn, driving the cultivator, and shocking grain were all very wearisome. I have a suspicion that the fact the sympathy of a nice neighbor boy who thought I worked too hard had its effect. Right on top of this unrest inside me came two full years of the worst drought Texas has ever known—one year right after another. There was no buying of new clothes and mine were a fright and I knew it. At 12 and 13 life can look dark and gloomy. And the addition of another girl to the family failed to give me an uplift. At 13 one can't estimate blessings aright.

But a bright spot came when school opened. Miss

Kitty (Mrs. Ross) was bright and cheerful, with her other good qualities, and had a gift for making both study and play exciting. She could put zest into every part of life. That was her last year of teaching and my last that I could have gone to her, for she was limited.

So Papa sold the furniture and what cattle we had left and we moved to town, Decatur, Wise County, Texas. Papa found employment; Ellie and I started to school, We also attended Sunday School and church regularly. At first we rented a large house I was not a bit proud of, but soon bought a good little home much too small for a family our size, but the really bad thing about it was that it was just across the street from a large white house that held a large family of quarrelsome cousins. Quarreling was not allowed in our home so this added no joy to life. Happy to say, the time we lived there was not as long as it seemed. At the end of the year I was 14 and finished the 8th grade. In the 9th I'd have two subjects unfamiliar to me—Geometry and Latin. I got a poor start in both and I always suspected my Latin teacher didn't know his lesson real well himself. But after all, it did me no harm for at the end of six weeks I was forced to quit. Mama was taken very sick and I must care for the children. We came very near losing our mother and when she became fairly well, it was too late for me to catch up with our classes—so I quit school.

It was a slow recovery for Mama and so as soon as the weather grew warm, Papa decided to take her on a wagon trip, leaving us at home—all except John who was five years old. So I was left with a new job—caring for Ellie 11, Kate 9, Annie 7, and Virgie 3 years old.

No time was set for returning and I only know they were gone a long time, it seemed. If we went any place all that time, I can't recall it. But one day Mama and John came in on the train, and Mama was well and happy and so were we. Mama told us they had bought

some land and that Papa stayed to build a house and that when it was built we were all to go up there—as far as Vernon, Texas on the train. Mama went right to work shaping matters up; sold our home and attended to chartering a railroad car to carry our goods and creatures to Vernon.

Once she made me feel very grown up by putting a $100 bill in my hand and sending me to pay some bills. There had been so much to consider, no thought was given to our clothes and I wish I knew what a motley crew we were that got on the train that August day in 1890. I know it was the custom then that even the baby must have some kind of head-covering on leaving the house. Wonder what mine was that day! I remember thinking Ellie looked neatest in a new straw cap with a leather band around it. Evidently a boy's cap. Kate, I distinctly disapproved of, as she was wearing a stiffly starched white sunbonnet, made for an older person, and having a skirt on it that almost covered her. But if Kate had known she'd have been uncovered, because she felt quite sure she was just proper, for she knew she was "the prettiest" one of the girls, for she had heard Sister Brown say so. How that overheard remark boosted her through life no one can ever know. Anyway, she made it and became an attractive woman. And, anyway, some way we reached Vernon and there was Papa and some men to meet us. And it was in time to get the car unloaded and the cows out of town before night. We camped not far from Pease River. Next morning it was wonderful to find Pease River had a fine bridge across it. That night of camping is so dim in my mind. I must have been exhausted by the day's events and dropped right to sleep. But I can vividly recall other nights of camping in that area. Some moonlight nights were so beautiful, quiet and still.

Next morning we soon reached "Doans Store" where

we got all the information we could about crossing Red River at Doans' Crossing, not far away. The river was low at that season but even so it is no light matter and required some caution, quite different from a ferry boat crossing. Our parents had each come this way twice before, but each time without a load and without loose animals (not to mention 6 children). But with the help of two friends, we made it safely. Elsewhere, I have told you of the struggle Ellie and I had through the deep sand for something like a mile—at least it seemed to be. Now we were in what was then called Greer County, Texas, but was later Indian Territory, then Oklahoma. And oh, it was a breath of freedom. All the baffling trials of the past few years seemed to float away in that wide open space. Sure, I'd never felt crowded anywhere, just overloaded. It was not till mid-afternoon the next day that we reached our destination. Wish now that I knew the exact date in August. So much had happened it must have been the latter part of the month.

Can you see what I saw at the end of our tiresome journey? Most all our miles we had had no fence on either side, but as we made a turn to the west we entered a lane made by one wire on the north side (ours) and two on the south side (Pollocks). Pollocks were living in a tent! Ahead of us was our house—a story and a half high—and looking so tall and slim out there alone—one room above another—and not even a bush in sight. Oh, we were so glad to get to it and to rest. We found that it had a large room underneath. A trap door in the main room floor covered the stairway down to it. A stairway in the main room led to the half story room above. A water barrel on the outside held the drinking water.

The cows were tired, too, and there wasn't one bit of shade, except the shade of the house. So dear Papa had to hastily string a wire and improvise a yard. I never could understand how Papa accomplished so much in

such a short time, but I know he found help, for no one man could have done so much alone.

The next pressing matter was a well of water, for who could keep a family clean with hauled water? So in no time at all, it seemed to me, Papa started to dig a well, with only his two girls, 12 and 15, for help. I have related that. But I want to say again–it was the Lord's blessing that ours was a well of soft water—in that land of hard water. You'd have thought my father would take some rest—since already he had done the work of two men that year. But first he must build a shelter for the stock—and weren't we thankful for it, too! Now we had something to hide behind! I can't imagine how we had managed—and we lived on the main highway through the county. It was the mail route from Vernon, Texas to Mangum, which was the county seat of Greer. But thank goodness, we could see so far down the road that we could jump and drop our skirts before the mail man was close and hope he didn't see us.

After the shed was built the next business was turning some sod to get ready for planting. No plow had ever been on our 160 acres before. We soon learned to expect a strong wind everyday—starting soon after sunrise and growing steadily stronger till late afternoon—then dying as the sun went down. So our house had few openings for the sand to come in—only a front door and one window downstairs at the front and a door on the east—half a window on the north upstairs, a full window upstairs on the south. Our house was papered with building paper so as to retain the heat from the stove in winter. Fuel was precious, for Papa had to go about 20 miles and cross a river to get a load of dead mesquite which we were permitted to pick up in Indian Territory or else drive 40 miles—cross two rivers to buy a load of coal.

That often called for two nights camping out while, the mesquite called for only one, and no money—so you

can guess.

Looking back now, I marvel at how we managed to survive—and how a frail man, with one eye could do as much as my father did. But I know it was the Lord who was watching over us all. And, not only us, but most of those in that early day leaned heavily on the Lord—the others soon gave up and left.

Sometime in the fall of 1890 our father turned to sod and planted wheat. The next summer we had wheat threshed on August 21. I know that date for sure because it is the date of our youngest sister's birth, and I was the one who served supper to at least 10 men. The other 10 rushed home as a storm was coming up.

My father had a granary built ready for the wheat. A while later, it was put into wagons and hauled to market at Vernon, Texas. I am not sure of the price received for it, but think it was 200 a bushel. Whatever it was, it made us comfortable till next harvest time. From then on our foothold was sure and progress continued, but slowly for three years, then the price steadily increased.

Papa had added to our 1/4 section the 1/4 just north, which also touched Altus town site. When the railroad reached Altus, from the North it crossed Papa's land, and so brought him cash. The home was enlarged—a large barn was built. Other comforts were added and earlier shortages were forgotten. By the time middle-age arrived, my parents were in comfortable circumstances, and to me had made a success of life that some who struggle just as hard as they did never are able to do. ❖

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Hard Days
On The Old Andrew Cox Place

by Bob Keen

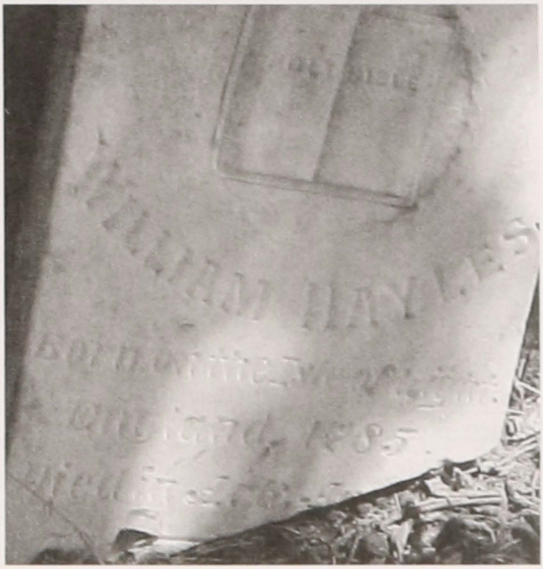
During the Civil War it seemed like the old Cox place was a jinx for trouble. The Civil War was looming on the horizon, so Andrew Cox decided to move his family to Russellville, Ark., to be near his in-laws. His biggest problem was getting someone to care for the farm. He approached William Hayles and his sister Leah, about taking care of the farm, they agreed to take care of it.

William Hayles and his sister Leah came to the United States from the Isle of Wight, in England, in the 1820s. On the trip west, William decided to stop in Kentucky, while his two brothers and two sisters, and brother-in-law traveled on to Arkansas. The brothers and sisters were unmarried except for Ann who married John Blake, on the Isle of Wight, before migrated to the U.S. On arriving in Arkansas, two of the brothers, Benjamin and Jacob, and their sister Leah settled on Hale Mountain.

In August of 1835, tragedy struck. Indians attacked their home. Leah hid in the well, while the Indians slaughtered her two brothers. After the Indians left she walked through the forest to John Latta's home and got help to bury her brothers. She stayed on at the Latta home and worked as their housekeeper until her brother William came to Arkansas from Kentucky in about 1852. William was saddened when he arrived to learn that his two brothers had been killed. William and Leah decided to move back on the old place. He got the farm set up again and built his mill. It was about this time that Andrew Cox approached William and Leah about taking care of his farm while he was gone.

In the latter part of 1862 a bunch of outlaws had ganged up and were camping out in a hollow east of the

Cox farm. Billy Hart was the leader of the bunch. They rode all over the area, plundering and robbing people, but were peaceful in the area around their camp. In 1863 the peace stopped, William Hayles had quite a lot of corn that he had ground that he was going to sell to the Union Army. Billy Hart decided that it would be him that sold that corn, not William. So when in April 1863 William left to get things in order and do an inventory on his grain, the Hart gang ambushed him, and shot him fifteen times, seized all his grain and burnt his mill. Leah had buried her other brothers at Bethlehem Cemetery, but it was too dangerous for the trip. There was an old slave cemetery on the Cox Farm, so she got a neighbor to help her pull the body up there and buried him in that cemetery. Later she put up a headstone and it is still there and can still be read today even though it is broken in half. His stone reads:



The top part of William Hayle's broken gravestone. *Photo by Bob Keen.*

> *William Hayles,*
> *born on the Isle of Wight England 1785,*
> *died in Arkansas April 1863.*

The stone is white marble it was made by Marley and Son, 25 East Center Street in Fayetteville. His epitaph reads:

The Wind breathes low
The withering leaf whispers from the tree
So gentle flows the parting breath when
Good men cease to be.

Leah started a subscription school in which she taught until her death in 1880. She is buried with her other two brothers at Bethlehem Cemetery.

In 1864, William Cummins and his family and his brother-in-law W. T. Hays, moved their families on to the Cox farm. They were kin to the Hayles, but had come to the U.S. later. One day in October of 1864 Mr. Cummins and Mr. Hays were standing in the trail talking to a neighbor, T. J. Dunnigan, when they heard the Hart gang coming up the trail. T. J. jumped off the side of the trail and crawled under a big rock. Mr. Cummins and Mr. Hays ran for the house, the gang caught up to them at the front of the house as they were shouting for the women to bar the doors. They killed Mr. Hays at the front door, and they drug Mr. Cummins to the old spring house and cut him up in pieces. Up until the 1920s you could still see the blood stains on the front door and on the walls of the spring house. The women and children were not hurt. The next day they buried William (Billy) Cummins and Mr. Hays next to old man Hayles grave in the slave cemetery. They loaded up all their belongings and moved to Missouri. In the *Flashbacks* Lloyd McConnell, copied some old court records. They are as follows: "William Cummins a subject of Great Britton, pledges his Allegiance to the United States of America, May of 1845."

Some time later the sons of Mr. Cummins came back and erected him a stone, it reads:

William Cummins
Born Dec. 6, 1814
Isle of Wight England
Assassinated in Arkansas Oct. 24, 1864
Erected by his sons William Jr. and Howard.

Mr. Hays has a small home made stone which can barely be read: W. T. Hays, 1775-1864. Billy Cummins, Jr. use to come back to the grave site every summer with his banjo in a gunny sack.

Another family moved on to the Cox place. They had problems with the Hart gang from the start—stealing hogs and cattle and any thing that they wanted. When it came to the family cow, the man stood his ground and refused to let them have the cow. They drew their guns and forced the man and his wife out to the barn where they shot them, not knowing that their six-year-old son had hidden in the loft, where he watched as the outlaws killed his mother and father. The boy told T. J. Dunnigan what had happened, so T. J. and Mr. Goddard formed a group of men, they hid out in the woods where the trail was narrow. They stayed there for three days waiting, the men divided on each side of the trail, finally they heard the outlaws coming, when they rode through the narrow place, the men opened fire, they killed seventeen of the outlaws including Billy Hart. So there was peace once again.

Andrew Young Cox finally returned from Russellville after the war was over and raised his family. His son, Uncle Jack Cox, raised his family there also. My Dad and Uncle Rob have told me stories of the blood on the porch and the spring house. Also, on the old Sid Keen homestead under the bluffs, they told of rocks laid out for campfires where the outlaws had their camp. There is nothing left of the old slave cemetery but three graves under a pear tree with the three stones of Mr. Cummins, Mr. Hays, and Mr. Hayles. The stones for the slaves have long since disappeared. ❖

CAPTAIN BRACKEN LEWIS

An Early Obituary

[The following obituary appeared in a Fayetteville newspaper, either the *Fayetteville Daily Democrat* or the *Weekly Democrat* some weeks or months after the death of Capt. Bracken Lewis on 3 June 1908. This obituary, much lengthier than either of those which first appeared, was evidently requested by family members and written by Elder J. M. Stout. A search through later issues of the papers did not reveal the date that this obituary appeared, but the typeface in the photocopy of the clipping matches these newspapers. The obituaries written shortly after the death of Bracken Lewis were in the *Fayetteville Daily Democrat* on June 4, 1908, and in the *Weekly Democrat* on June 11.

[The "White house" referred to is the church that was located between Sulphur City and Arnett. The White House Cemetery, where Capt. Lewis is said to be buried, does not have a grave marker for him or his wife Emaline, but records show that they are both buried there. The town of Carter no longer exists. According to *Postal History of Washington County, Arkansas* by Don Cook and Tom Maringer, "Carter - The post office was created as a shortening of Carter Store and was active from December 20, 1900 to September 1, 1930 when the name was again changed, this time to Hicks . . . near junction of county roads 43 and 40." The town of Hicks no longer exists, either.]

Obituary

"On June 6th, 1908, I was called to the White house to conduct the funeral services of our aged brother in Christ, Capt. Bracken Lewis, of Carter, Ark.

"He was born June 6th, 1820, in Nicholson county, Ky. Moved to Georgetown, Vermillion county, Ill., in 1826, at the age of six years. Moved to this neighborhood in fall 1832, four years prior to Arkansas' admission to Statehood, at the age of twelve. Has resided here 76 years. Was married to Emiline Dickerson January 11th, 1849; they having been companions 59 years, she being

born Aug. 7, 1829. To this union were born 8 children, 6 sons and 2 daughters. He died June 3, 1908, at 4:30 p.m., at the age of 88 years, 4 months and 28 days. *[Note: more likely he was born January 6, not June 6 as stated above.]* On June 4th at 1 p.m., J. F. Moore, of Fayetteville, arrived and embalmed him, being undertaker and embalmer. He was held over awaiting the arrival of the children, who were engaged in business in other states, his son Grant being the only one to arrive before his death. His daughter Macy and husband John Thompson arrived June 4th at noon; his sons Thomas and Moses arrived June 4 at 8 o'clock; his son Albert of Carter, attended during the sickness; his son Levi having never left his parents, was married, but being present conferring acts, care and kindness to the afflicted father day and night, he having expressed an earnest desire to see all his children before he died, but he seen only one besides the two that live here.

"After waiting the arrival of James and Amelia, who failed to come, on June 6th at 1 p.m., leaving the residence we proceeded in regular order, the procession increasing till we arrived at the cemetery. At 2 o'clock p.m. song service began by the White house choir, Prof. Geo. West leading. After reading of I Cor. 15:34-45 and prayer, the writer, who having been raised from an infant to a man 56 years of age within a one-half mile of deceased, spoke words of comfort to a large and attentive audience, using as a basis for our remarks, his being always modest in his conversation, having never heard him use profane language or obscene language, and also using Rev. 22-24 as a basis for our scriptural remarks, being present when he was baptized in the middle fork of White river by Rev. E. E. Hale of Springdale, and seeing both the christians and sinners go forward and give uncle Bracken the hand of congratulation; also his wife leaning upon a staff met him at the edge of the water,

rejoicing in the thought that she had been permitted to witness the obedience of her aged husband. The writer having learned from uncle Bracken that the correctness of the gospel plan of salvation was impressed on his mind under the teaching of Rev. Stephen Strickland back in the 40's, but he never yielded obedience until Bro. Hale began to influence him; he, as a minister, visited him on Tuesday after the third Sunday in May 1805 [sic], meeting him with all kindness, having a conversation as to future happiness, and a preparation for death, Bro. Hale bid him goodby. On June the third Sunday, Bro. Hale being at the White house again he sent for him to come and visit him. Bro. Hale went, at which he demanded baptism, as did the eunuch, and he baptized him as did Philip, living 3 years a christian life, much devoted to and interested in his future destiny, and telling his family that he was not afraid to die, he having kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness in that celestial habitation, and though the outward man perished the inward man having been borne hence upon angels wings to the land of enjoyment in which there will be no sickness, be no dying over in that sun bright clime; where the righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their father. We laid him at rest in the White house cemetery surrounded by a large concourse of friends and weeping relatives. Besides a beautiful casket and the outward case, the walls of the grave were lined with green cedar around the top, indicating our love for papa.

"These eight children possess sound mental facualties [sic], there being no invalids or cripples, blind or deaf, all living, healthy, hearty.

"The youngest son, Levi, having the care of his parents, whose kindness toward them is commendable and is also appreciated by a large circle of friends and relatives, having done for father all that a willing mind and a

kind and loving heart could do, always when needed calling the best physician attainable, but at last the dear father died of heart failure. The children present were Macy Malinda, 51 years; Albert Collumbus, 48; Thomas Bishop, 45; Ulysses Grant, 40; Moses M., 38; Levi L., 35, James W., 55, and Armelia, 42, were not here. John Thompson, age 64, a son-in-law; Lucinda Lewis, age 46, a daughter-in-law; Willie Bassett, age 21, a grandson. Of the eight children all are married except the youngest son. The number of grandchildren present were six.

"Aunt Emaline, the loving companion of the deceased and the mother of the children that we have mentioned, not being able to accompany them to the funeral and interment, remained at home in the kind care of Mrs. Mary Bassett, of Carter.

"The family has been blessed in having never witnessed a death of a member until June 3, 1908, and the children are yet comforted with the thoughts of yet having a Christian mother who is loved by all of her neighbors.

"Our deceased brother had been a member of the Christian church three years and our sister has been a member for 26 years; the church having been established in 1854 at the White house by Rev. Graham. Six of their children are members of the same order, two are not. The six sons are gifted in vocal music, Moses and Levi being unexcelled. They have had but little sickness in the family until the home was invaded and the dear father called away, leaving the lonesome mother, and Levi and Miss Susie Ramey, who has staid at that place for ten years, and whom uncle Bracken loved as a child of his own.

"Our brother was the last of the pioneers of 1832, having lived on the middle fork of the White river 76 years. He assisted the government surveyor in sectionizing the East part of Washington Co. and the West part of Madison county. He was constable of White river township 63 years ago, and J.P. before the war of 1861.

During the war he was captain of Co. B, 1st Ark. Cav., under Col. Harrison and Lieut. Col. Hunt, but resigned and was later on captain of a militia Co. under the same colonels. Was drawing a pension of $20 per month at the time of his death. He helped build the White house. known as the Union church in 1854. It was burned about 1883 and he helped rebuild it. He believed in good schools, Sunday Schools, singing and writing schools, having educated his children so they are filling almost any business position.

"Macy Lewis, now Thompson, Fort Smith, running hotel; Jas. W. Lewis, Sapulpa, Ok., conductor Frisco Ry.; Albert C. Lewis, in mercantile business in Carter; Thos. B. Lewis, in business at Holland, Tex.; Amelia Bassett, on farm near Maysville, Ark.; Ulysses G. Lewis, Springfield, Mo., conductor Frisco R'y.; Moses M. Lewis, El Dorado, conductor Rock Island Ry.; Levi Lewis, living at old homestead, farmer and fruit dealer.

"Done at the request of his many friends and relatives, he having taught his children to live by the sweat of their brows, providing things honest in the sight of God.

The day is past and gone,
Their father is no longer here.
Children, remember well,
Your time to go is near.

The father is now at rest,
If him we shall ever see,
We must be numbered with the blest
Over yonder in that eternal city.

J. M. STOUT, Elder
Carter, Ark.

NOTICE

We take this method of expressing our thanks to the entire community for the assistance rendered, and the

many kindnesses shown us during the illness and death of our dear husband and father.

Emaline Lewis
L. L. Lewis ❖

QUERIES

Paula Austin Mackey, 5104 Golden Lane, Fort Worth, TX 76123, phone - (817) 294-1716. I am specifically searching for the names of WILLIAM AUSTIN's parents; however, I am also interested in the records, history, information, or anything about the Ozark Institute. William Austin is on the Arkansas 1850 census in Washington County. He is then on the Arkansas 1860 census as a Cumberland Presbyterian minister in Sevier County with a wife and three children.

Reba Leadbetter, 2516 Perliter Ave., N. Las Vegas, NV 89030-7309 is doing genealogical research on two uncles, JAMES HENRY MITCHELL and JOSEPH DAVID MITCHELL. They were medical doctors and were educated at the University of Arkansas—sometime in the early 1900s. Their parents, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN MITCHELL and RHODA SELF, were in Arkansas by 1873 and received a land grant for 80 acres in Crawford County in 1889. I also am researching a great grandfather, JAMES E. RICH, wife SARAH WHITE, and children WILLIAM HENRY and ELIZABETH, who moved to Arkansas from Alabama after October 1880, possibly to Washington County, although they were in Crawford County by 1900. ❖

SOCIETY'S E-MAIL ADDRESS - The Washington County Historical Society's office e-mail address is <wchs@ipa.net>. ❖

THREE OLD TIMERS

From *The Fayetteville Democrat* of December 7, 1882 and reprinted in *The Backtracker* of the Northwest Arkansas Genealogical Society May 1999.

At the same time yesterday we had as callers at our office three of the old citizens of the county, two of them being among the early settlers of the country—Uncle Zeb Pettigrew, Uncle Presley Smith and Dr. Graham. Mr. Pettigrew came here in 1830; Mr. Smith in 1836 and Dr. Graham about the year 1850. When Uncle Zeb first saw the hill on which Fayetteville is built it was covered with prairie grass three or four feet high and the town consisted of four or five log cabins. A man by the name of Nye had a small stock of goods in a cabin on the lot now occupied by Will Taylor's saddlery shop; a residence (log cabin stood on the lot now owned by Uncle Zeb; Jack McGarrah's log mansion stood near the big spring in the eastern part of the city. Jack kept "tavern" and court was held at his cabin. The people come to court, bringing their grub and camped about the "temple of justice" until court adjourned sine die. The Judge's "bench" was a one-legged bedstead in one corner of the cabin. On one occasion and during the trial of an important case, His Honor, who had drank too much "likker" that day, threw himself too far back on his judicial dignity when the bottom of the bed fell out and the Judge landed on the floor, covered with boards, bear skins and blankets. The Sheriff announced a recess for a half hour until the "court" picked itself up. Larkin Newton was the postmaster and his log cabin by the spring near the depot was the "post-office." The town only received one mail a month and letters cost the receiver twenty-five cents.

Our visitors remained with us an hour or more and their conversation relative to old times was highly interesting and furnished us "items" for future use. One of

the interesting topics of their conversation was their respective ages. This appeared to be a very delicate subject with the old gentlemen, especially with Dr. Graham and Uncle Presley, both of whom, as is well known, are gay old widowers. From dates and incidents we figured Uncle Zeb's age at 62; the Doctor's at 84 and Uncle Presley's at—well he was elected Sheriff of Washington county in 1840.

Why can we not have an old settler's re-union? It could be made one of the most interesting events in the history of our county. ❖

INDEX

Adams, Crockett, 7
Alexander, 7
Allen, Amy Vaughn, 16-34
Allen, Annie, 30
Allen, Charles A., 16
Allen, Ellie, 20, 30, 31
Allen, John, 30
Allen, Mary Kate, 21, 25, 3
Allen, Virgie, 30
Allen, W., 4
Austin, William, 44
Balance, William, 4
Ball, Brucie, 5
Ball, John H.,
Barnes, James, 5
Barnett, 6
Barnett, Allen, 4
Barnett, William, 5
Barton, 7
Barton, William L., 4
Bassett, Mrs. Mary, 42
Bassett, Willie, 42
Beaulan, R.C., 5
Bibb, R., 5
Black, 6
Blackstone, John, 5
Blake, James, 6
Blake, John, 35
Blakemore, Lee, 8
Bliss, Lt., 4
Boone, Maj. L., 8
Boozer, Charles, 8
Brakefield, Jesse, 4
Brewer, Martha, inside cover
Bridges, 5
Burgett, Lt., 5
Burton, Thomas, 7
Butler, Benjamin, 6
Butler, Wm., 4
Caldwell, Polly, 2
Call, W.D., 8
Campbell, Alex, 6
Carney family, 18
Cash, James, 5
Cass family, 17, 27
Cass Johnnie, 18, 20
Chadick, Susan, inside cover
Clark, Charley, 4
Clark, John A., 4
Clark, P.H., 4
Cochrum, Judy, inside cover
Cohea family, 27
Collins, 7
Conroy, A., 5
Cook, Don, 39
Cook, Jacob, 8
Cooper, Capt. Jack, 4
Copeland, J.F., 6
Cowning, Doc, 5
Cox, Andrew, 35, 38
Cox, Jack, 38
Cummings, Howard, 37
Cummings, William, 37
Cummings, William Jr., 37, 38
Davidson, B.R., 12
Davidson, Rebecca, 10-13
Davis, James, 8
Davis, Jefferson, 14
Dean, Rich S., 7
Dickerson, Emiline, 39, 42, 44
Dunaway, J.W., 4
Dunnigan, T.J., 37, 38
Edwards, George, 6

Enyart, Humphrey, 6
Ervin, David, inside cover
Faulkner, Albert, 8
Fayetteville Female Academy, 11
Fields, Susan Mary, 16, 28
Finnell, Liz, inside cover
Fry, Pauline, 10
Gage, 7
Gallaway, Rowena, 2
Gearhart, Gretchen, inside cover
Gearhart, Jane, inside cover
Goddard, Mr., 38
Gordon, John W., 7
Graham, Dr., 45, 46
Graham, Rev., 42
Graham, Rev. Robert, 13
Greenwood, Jackson, 6
Grubb, Dan, inside cover
Hale, Rev, E.E., 40-41
Haney, D.B., 8
Harrison, Col., 43
Harrison, William, 6
Hart, Billy, 36, 38
Hawkins, Grundy, 4
Hayles, Ann, 35
Hayles, Benjamin, 35
Hayles, Jacob, 35
Hayles, Leah, 35-37
Hayles, William, 35-36
Hays, W.T., 37, 38
Hazlitt, John M. Jr., 17
Hendricks, Nancy, inside cover
Henry, Capt., 7
Hightower, Amy Vaughn Alle, 16-34
Hightower, Edward Glenn, 16, 17
Hightower, James M., 16
Hightower, Nancy, 17
Hobbs, E.M., 7
Howard, Silas C., 5
Huchenson, R.C., 6
Hull, A.N., 4
Hunt, Lt. Col., 43
Hurd, 7
Isom, 7
Israel, Nancy, inside cover
James, Abijah, 5
Jobe, William, 5
Johnson, R.H., 10, 15
Keen, Bob, 35
Keen, Rob, 38
Keen, Sid, 38
Lamb, DeeDee, inside cover
Lansford, B.F., 6
Lansford, R.E., 6
Latta, John, 35
Leadbetter, Reba, 44
Lewis, Albert Collumbus, 40, 42, 43
Lewis, Amelia, 40, 42, 43
Lewis, Capt. Bracken, 39-43
Lewis, Dock, 6
Lewis, James W., 40, 42, 43
Lewis, Levi L., 40-44
Lewis, Lucinda, 42
Lewis, Macy Malinda, 40, 42, 43
Lewis, Moses M., 40, 42, 43
Lewis, Thomas Bishop, 40, 42, 43
Lewis, Ulysses Grant, 40, 42, 43
Luckett, Henry, 5
Mackey, Paula Austin, 44
Maddux, Rebecca Jane, 16
Maringer, Tom, 39
Marley & Son, 36
Martin, Capt. d., 5
Martin, Isaac, 2, 4
Martin, N.O., 4
Matthews, John, 8, 9
McAroy, 7
McConnell, Lloyd, 37
McCoy, Lt. J.C., 7
McGarrah, Jack, 45
McGee, 4
McKinney, Bob, inside cover
Miller, T.H., 5
Miss Sawyer's School, 11
Mitchell, Benjamin Franklin, 44
Mitchell, James Henry, 44
Mitchell, Joseph David, 44
Moore, J.F., 40
Moore, Warren, 5
Moulder, 6
Narrad, Jeremiah, 6
Newman, B., 7
Newton, Larkin, 45
Northcut, Willia, 5
Nowland, Jo, 4
Oden, Waldo Talmadge, 17
Owen, James L., 5
Pagues, Delloss C., 4
Pane, Lt., 4
Pane, Thomas, 4
Parker, Charles A., 5

Patton, James A., 6
Paul, Smith, 16
Pawley, Lt., 6
Perkins, Thomas, 6
Pettigrew, Zeb, 45, 46
Polk, Sam, 4
Pollard, Dr. T.J., 10, 13-15
Pollard, Lizzie, 3, 10, 13, 15
Pollard, Mary Stirman, 3, 10, 13, 15
Pope, 6
Porter, R.F., 5
Prewett, 6
Pritchard, Michael, inside cover
Pullman, 6
Ragsdale, William Benjamin, 6
Rainwater, Wm. L., 8, 9
Ramey, Susie, 42
Rapert, Jimmy, inside cover
Reynolds, T.J., 6
Rich, Elizabeth, 44
Rich, James E., 44
Rich, William Henry, 44
Richardson, N.A., 4
Robbet, James, 4
Robbins, Lewis, 6
Robinson, Dr. C.M., 2
Root, Buel T., 8
Root, Thomas A., 8
Ross, Kitty, 29-30
Rude, William, 6
Schaefer, Don, inside cover, 9
Self, Rhoda, 44
Shafer, Isaac, 8, 9
Sharp, Doris, inside cover
Sharp, John, 6
Shumate, Bales, 4
Skaggs, Lionel, inside cover
Slack, Gen. W.Y., 2, 5
Slack, John, 2
Smith, Andrew Green, 4
Smith, Joel Flood, 8
Smith, Presley, 45, 46
Smith, W.A., 5
Snider, Lewis C., 6
Snoddy, Joseph, 4
Starr, Lynda, inside cover
Stenton, Elijah, 5
Stephens, J.J., 5
Stevens, G.F., 7
Stewart, Charles, inside cover
Stillwell, Issac, 8
Stirman, Alfred A., 10
Stirman, Erasmus Irving, 10, 11
Stirman, Mary "Lizzie," 3, 10, 13, 15
Stirman, Rebecca, 10-13
Stirman, William, 11, 15
Stout, J.M., 39, 43
Strickland, Stephen, 41
Summers, Albert, 4
Sybrant, Cheryl, 10
Taff, A.G., 8. 9
Taylor, Frank A., 5
Taylor, Whitson B., 8, 9
Taylor, Will, 45
Thompson, John, 42
Thornsberry, Hiram, 6
Thorp, H.J., 4
Totemeier, Carl, inside cover
Trott, James E, 11-12
Turner, Thomas, 6
University Infirmary Society, 12
VanLaningham, Scott, 9
Vaughn, R.J., 2, 5
Wadkins, 7
Walker, W.H., 6
Warner, George B., 5
Webb, C. W., inside cover
Well, William, 5
Wells, Joseph, 5
Wells, J.T., 8, 9
Wells, J.W., 5
West, Prof. George, 40
Whayne, Jeannie, inside cover
White, Frank, 8, 9
White, Sarah, 44
White, William, 6
Whitsett, T., 7
Williams, Maynette, inside cover
Wilson, 4
Wilson, ___, 4
Wilson, Drysdale, 8
Wilson, Malcolm, 8
Wisten, J., 2, 4
Yates, Rube, 4
Young, H.O., 5

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